

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1878.

## The Week.

THE most important event of the week was the contract made by the Treasury with the old Syndicate for the sale of \$50,000,000 4½ per cent. bonds at 101½ gold and accrued interest. The first instalment, which was taken "firm," was \$10,000,000; the remaining \$40,000,000 are to be taken at the rate of \$5,000,000 per month, the bankers being bound to take them unless such unexpected events occur as would make the bonds unsalable. By both parties to the contract it is regarded as a transaction for \$50,000,000. Secretary Sherman came to New York to obtain \$50,000,000 of gold, the amount he deemed necessary to be obtained by bond sales, in addition to his other coin resources, before the Treasury attempts resumption. He first endeavored to sell 4 per cent. bonds, and invited proposals from the banks; they expressed a wish to aid in Treasury resumption, but refused to take 4 per cent. bonds; the best bid the banks would make for the 4½ per cents was 101½ gold and accrued interest, and they made this offer only on condition that they should be protected from loss, which they declared a fair offset to their offer to sell the bonds free of charge to the Treasury. The old Syndicate then offered to pay 101½ gold and accrued interest for the bonds, and engaged to take all risk on \$10,000,000. That even this could be done was a pleasant surprise to the advocates of resumption. It seems tolerably clear that all the bonds will be sold by the Syndicate, nearly one-half of the first instalment having been disposed of at 102 gold and accrued interest on the first two days that the bonds were offered. The Treasury intends to continue the sale of 4 per cents to the public, and to the extent that they are sold to call in 5-20 6 per cent. bonds for redemption.

The effect of the 4½ per cent. negotiation in London was to strengthen the market for United States bonds, and to reduce, if not wholly check, the shipments to New York. Here the price of gold fell from 100¾ to 100½, and later advanced to 100¾. Sterling bills fell one-half of a cent and ruled below the point at which gold coin can be exported, although at the close the market for bills was firm. At the Stock Exchange the negotiation was construed as a guaranty of specie payment resumption, and a consequent expansion of the currency. Accordingly, there was a vigorous buying of stocks by speculators and more buying by the public than there has been for many months. The advance in prices since Friday has been 1 to 8 per cent. In the trade markets the improvement was notable in the tone or feeling rather than in prices, since these markets are not in a condition to respond immediately to any favorable change. Silver in London fell during the week to 53½d. and closed at 54d. The gold value of the United States legal-tender note for one dollar was as high as \$0.99875 and closed at \$0.99625, while the bullion value of the silver dollar was as low as 0.9126 gold, and at the close was \$0.9160 gold.

Senator Conkling has been interviewed by an evidently able correspondent of the *World*, and the result fills a page of that paper. It is the most picturesque and forcible description of the Senator's own prudence and sagacity and perspicacity we have yet seen. He shows that he was the originator and chief engineer of the Electoral Commission scheme, thereby saving the country from bloodshed and anarchy; that while he was engaged in this beneficent work "the man Hayes" was engaged in making a bargain with "the friends of Nicholls," "Stanley Matthews and Sherman being privy to it." The substance of it, he says, though thus far successfully concealed, will be sure to come out in the end. "People say that Hayes is a good man, and means well, but they do not know what they are talking about." He added that when every-

thing was known, "people would be appalled by the dishonor of the Administration." He was satisfied before the count that there was rottenness in Louisiana, and though he was accidentally absent when the vote of this State came up, he was glad he was absent. Hayes, he thinks, is now wholly "in the hands of the Southern Democrats," and is altogether a most despicable person.

Mr. Conkling's picture of his colleagues was not a pleasing one either. Gordon is "arrogant and domineering, and by no means brilliant"; Lamar is "the Jesuit of the Senate," and played with poor Stewart L. Woodford as a cat with a mouse. Both Gordon and Lamar were reported to be threatening his (Conkling's) life, one with "a revolver" and the other a "pair of Derringers," but he despised their threats. Stanley Matthews is "not a bad fellow," and Mr. Conkling "often feels sorry for him," but he is "marvellously innocent." Mr. Christiancy supports the President because he has been promised Judge Swayne's place when he dies. It looks as if Messrs. Dawes and Hoar were supporting him under an agreement that they were to have the division of the spoils in Massachusetts. General Burnside is "as weak a man in civil life as in the army, and amounts to nothing in the Senate." Patterson is justifiably "guarded in his action," considering "the political persecution" with which Hampton's government threatens him. The Senator also gave some further account of his Utica troubles about offices and back-pay with "little Roberts"; accused Hayes of intending to start a newspaper, and gave some illustrations of his civil-service reform. Finally, he explained why he had made no speech on the Silver Bill, and nobody would ever have guessed the reason. It was that the New York papers had made the silver-men so mad by their abuse that there was no use in talking to them. In fact, the statesman's conversation was about as instructive and dignified as a budget of Brooklyn gossip on the Scandal.

Another Republican caucus has been held in Washington to decide on some line of action with regard to the fall elections. Only one positive suggestion was made—by Mr. Sargent, of California—that the President should rescind his celebrated civil-service order, so as to leave "the ninety thousand office-holders" free to help the party in the election. It was pointed out, however, that the Attorney-General's gloss deprived the order of its injurious features, and that the ninety thousand could "work" fruitfully under it, and on Mr. Edmunds's suggestion the whole subject was referred to a committee. In fact, the only thing remarkable about the caucus was that no attack was made in it on the Administration, a piece of self-restraint due, doubtless, to the failure of the Howe speech. We would suggest that the "grand old party" should go before the people this fall, if it takes no interest in the more stirring questions of the day, with one great and impregnable truth inscribed on its banner, truth as impregnable as the existence of the universe—viz., that the "Secretary of the Interior was born in Prussia." No Democrat, however debased, will venture to deny this, and how it will rouse the people! A member of the Republican Campaign Committee appointed at the caucus informs the *Tribune* that the leadership of the party will be "cordially tendered" to the President, if he will take it. The meaning of "tendering the leadership" was not explained, but it probably signifies that if he will give certain offices to certain persons they will speak respectfully of him.

Two Democratic conventions have been held during the week. The Illinois platform is very long and minute, and declares for a revenue tariff only; an income-tax on "the surplus profits of the wealthy, who escape their just proportion of taxation"; the taxing of U. S. bonds and greenbacks; the discharge of national obligations in "lawful money" unless otherwise provided; the issue of silver-bullion certificates and the receipt of greenbacks for customs dues; the issue of greenbacks in place of national-bank notes, the

unconditional repeal of the Resumption Act, and the repeal of the Bankrupt Law; and making the wages of employees a first lien on the property and earnings of corporations. It declares against repudiation, against reduction of the national debt, against further contraction of the greenbacks, against the appointment of receivers by Federal courts in the case of "corporations who resist payment of taxes, disregard the rights of citizens, and turn the savings of corporations into foreign channels"; and against the system of leasing convict labor. It pronounces the election of Hayes a "monster political crime." The Oregon Democratic platform takes the same position as regards greenbacks and silver and the fraudulent election, but distinctly approves the proposed new tariff, and calls for a law to prohibit Chinese immigration. The party cue appears still to be to underbid the lowest demagogue, and its rival is now no longer simply the Republican party, but the mushroom organization of greenback and labor politicians known as the National Party. This secret organization has made its most effective stroke in Michigan, in the town elections, but it has also gained unexpected headway in New York, and has for the moment so disturbed the relations of the two older parties as to make speculation about the fall elections hazardous. Its success is symptomatic of party decay, but still more of the loosening of public morality and the spread of communistic doctrines. Its cohesiveness is doubtless of the feeblest.

The Senate, by a vote of 37 to 6, passed on Monday the bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law. On Thursday it received and referred to the Judiciary Committee the resolution of the Maryland Legislature devised by Mr. Blair to reopen the Presidential controversy. It asks Congress to provide a way for the State to bring an action in the Supreme Court of the United States, on the ground that "due effect was not given to the electoral vote of this State" at the last election, "by reason of the fraudulent returns made from other States," and to secure a revision of the returns from Louisiana and Florida in behalf of Mr. Tilden. The resolution was presented by Senator Dennis, of Maryland, who took occasion, in very fit terms, to announce his entire lack of sympathy with the object of its promoters, and his intention to vote against it if it should come before the Senate. The same memorial made its appearance in the House on Monday after a bill to carry it into effect had already been introduced. Mr. Garfield, more or less wisely, moved that it be neither printed nor referred, as is customary in the case of bills, but disposed of at once by rejection. This gave rise to a great controversy over rules and precedents, the Democrats calling to their aid the sacred memory of John Quincy Adams's defence of the right of petition, and the Republicans taking the ground that when a petition had been read its "right" had been fully satisfied. We believe this is the correct view, and that a reference to the debates which led up to and followed the adoption of the famous Atherton "gag" rule in Adams's time will show it to be so. The House had another lively debate on the question of compensating William and Mary College for damage from Federal occupation during the war. Mr. Townsend, of New York, made some frank remarks, in good humor but execrable taste, against it, and it was clear that the college was not well advised in presenting a "claim," however just. An outright gift, in consideration not only of the loss sustained but of the probable utility of the college to the South just now, would have found more favor.

Mr. Potter, of New York, has introduced a bill in Congress "Providing for the judicial ascertainment of claims against the United States," which adds some impetus to the movement of which we spoke last week. As the title indicates, this bill does not provide for the judicial "determination" of claims but for their "ascertainment." The distinction is founded upon the fact that nearly if not quite all of the claims pending in Congress are either outside of the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims or have attached to them some technical defect or bar which makes the relief sought a matter of legislative discretion and not one of judicial right. In such cases the facts are now ascertained by committees of Congress on such *ex-*

*parte* proofs as the claimants choose to produce; no one appears for the Government to cross-examine witnesses and hunt up rebutting evidence, and the most convincing arguments are made while "buttonholing" individual members of the committee. Mr. Potter, who is both an experienced and intelligent member of the House, evidently recognizes the dangerous and demoralizing tendencies of the present system, for his bill provides on the one hand that any person having a claim "founded upon equity and justice" of which the court has not now jurisdiction, may file his bill in court asking for such relief as he believes himself entitled to; and on the other hand that "Congress shall not consider nor allow nor authorize the payment of any private claim" "until the same has been heard and reported to Congress by said Court of Claims, as herein provided." In this class of cases the Attorney-General is to appear and defend as in others, but the court, instead of rendering a final judgment, is merely to find the facts and report them to Congress. On this "judicial ascertainment" of the facts, Congress may then exercise legislative discretion. The bill, to be effectively obligatory upon Congress, should absolutely prohibit committees from investigating the facts of a private claim unless especially authorized by a vote of the House or Senate, and should attach to the finding of the court the finality which generally attaches to the verdict of a jury. If the court, in a judicial way, can ascertain one set of facts, and a Congressional committee, in a legislative way, another, it is tolerably certain that the *ex-parte* affidavit mill will continue to run in Congress.

Mr. M. H. Throop, the chief author of the "new Code," has issued a pamphlet in reply to Governor Robinson's criticisms contained in his recent veto message. His reply is substantially a general denial of all that the Governor says on the subject, and as no human being can possibly form an independent opinion on the subject without a minute examination of several dozens if not hundreds of statutes, it is safe to say that no one at present knows which is right. That the Legislature is in the same condition of ignorance is equally certain. Under ordinary circumstances the bar might be looked to for advice; but the bar is divided, many lawyers whose opinions are entitled to weight taking one side, and many of equal standing taking the other. The dispute has now been running on so long, and has enlisted so much interest on one side or the other, that the lawyers concerned in it are in danger of losing sight of the fact that it is the existence of the dispute which is most deplorable, and that it is having a seriously bad effect in impairing confidence (already taxed pretty severely by an elective system and the exposures of a few years ago) in the legal system under which we live. Mr. Throop's Code may be an improvement on the "old Code," or it may not; but a dispute in which the Governor vetoes a revision of the laws on the ground that the revisers have surreptitiously "upheaved" our entire system of rights and remedies, while the revisers reply that the Governor is grossly ignorant both of the nature of their duties and of the manner of their execution, and half the revision goes into effect with the other half vetoed, cannot fail to arouse a suspicion in the minds of the laity generally that there is something wrong with a system which, in the name of legal reform, produces such queer results. The first requisite of codification is an absolute confidence in the competence and faithfulness of the codifiers. No legislative body can codify by the usual methods of legislation (as Sir James Stephen has very truly pointed out in his excellent digest of the English law of evidence) any more than it can paint a picture. The work must be entrusted to somebody with final discretion.

Mrs. Tilton has made another confession of her guilt in the Beecher affair. It had been heralded for a week or two by rumors in the newspapers that something serious was going to happen. The confession is in the usual rhetoric of her tribe, and contains nothing that she has not already often affirmed and denied before God and man. The morning papers all deplore deeply the reopening of the matter, and are especially troubled by its probable effect on the youth of the country. This has not, however, prevented their

making the most of it. Every one of them makes it the most prominent piece of news of the day, and gives from three to five columns to it. Reporters were despatched at the double-quick to everybody who has been prominently connected with the case to learn his or her view of it. Of course, all the views might have been known beforehand with perfect accuracy. Mr. Beecher's friends, beginning with himself, deny the confession stoutly, and pity the poor woman: his enemies raise up their hands in horror and say that the truth is out at last. Not one particle of new light has been cast on the matter. Nothing has been, or is in the least likely to be, revealed about it that has not been revealed. The only visible effect of the confession will be to deepen the degradation of the unhappy person who has made it, and draw larger crowds to the Beecher and Tilton lectures. Nobody's opinion will be changed or modified by it. We would accordingly respectfully enquire of the editors of the daily papers whether, if they are really troubled about the influence of all this filth on the youthful mind, they would not do well to call home the reporters and let the thing alone. At present they constitute the sole channel by which the filth reaches the youthful mind. As long as they give pages of their space to it they may rely on it that the brethren over in Brooklyn will keep confessing, accusing, and praying for each other. An attempt will probably now be made to "discipline" Mrs. Tilton in the church; and the mere prospect makes one ask whether the police have no duties in the matter? Where is Anthony Comstock?

The London *Economist* gives a sorry welcome to the proposal for an International Conference on the silver question. It opens by expressing the hope that Senator John P. Jones will not be one of the three commissioners selected by the United States, and intimates pretty plainly that no competent and self-respecting Europeans would be willing to meet this personage in any financial negotiation; which, indeed, is not surprising, and yet he is the great head of the silver movement in this country. He was the principal author of the report of the Silver Commission which drove so many Western editors crazy, and we believe was the originator of the great hoax about "the fraudulent conspiracy" to pass the Coinage Act. In 1875 he was a vehement hard-money man; he now, we believe, is an advocate of "fiat money." What he will be in 1880, of course, neither he nor anybody else knows. The *Economist* quotes as a specimen of him some of what it calls his "vehement nonsense," from one of his silver speeches, which is bad enough, and doubtless sounds to English, French, or German financiers like a passage from a theatrical burlesque, but we could readily cite worse passages from his orations. Taking counsel with such a man about the standard of value, of course, seems like debating it with Colonel Sellers.

The Paris *Moniteur* has also an article on "The Remonetization of Silver in America," which the *Economist* translates, and which ascribes the burst of enthusiasm for the silver standard within the last two years to the desire of the silver-miners for a market for the product of their newly-discovered veins. It also pokes mild fun at M. Cernuschi, who has, it says, been christened in America "the Bi-metallic Pope," and then goes on to predict the probable course of the negotiation as far as France is concerned. It says that the Americans will demand 16 to 1 as the ratio; the French 15½ to 1, and if the Americans hold firm the negotiation will break down, because the "idea of striking five-franc or gold pieces differing from their value in francs of the present weight will never be brought before a French legislature." If, on the other hand, the Americans yielded to a counter-proposition from France, and abandoned the ratio of 1834, they would be driven back on a single standard of silver, and all hope of gold would be taken away from their creditors. But even then it would be "the marriage of two shadows," for the Americans only dare to coin silver in small doses, and France has forbidden it to be coined at all. The *Moniteur* winds up by doubting whether the negotiations will have any result, and says they are "meant to serve as a humanitarian passport to a measure important and disagreeable to many creditors of the Union." It is

reported that Switzerland has accepted the invitation to participate in the conference.

The despatches from Europe about the Anglo-Russian trouble are very numerous and voluminous, but it may be safely said that there is nothing in them of any importance. There has been no change in the situation. The two principal disputants are eyeing each other suspiciously. Germany is trying to mediate, but Bismarck pleads that his position is so delicate that he is afraid to make suggestions lest Russia should look on them as threats. Austria, after much humming and hawing, appears to have made up her mind that it would be a good thing for her to occupy Bosnia as the only means of restoring order there, and enabling the Christian refugees, large numbers of whom are living on her bounty, to return to their homes with confidence and security; and Russia is willing, but Turkey objects. Russia in the meantime shows herself more and more conciliatory in tone, and is evidently determined not to fight for a trifle or a formality, but the Government seems to be embarrassed by the popular feeling that England is seeking Russian humiliation. On the whole, war seems to grow less and less likely. The public mind in England is much calmer, and now that the reserves are called out and Lord Beaconsfield has his own way in the Cabinet, his martial ardor will probably decline. He has always been a theatrical soldier: that is, he likes the pomp and pride and circumstance of preparing to fight, but does not like the heavy responsibility—crushingly heavy for a valetudinarian of seventy—of actual fighting.

Colonel Baker has come home and is receiving, it is said, with the Queen's sanction, a kind of social rehabilitation—another curious illustration of the depth and strength of the anti-Russian mania. The Turks were assailed for cruelty and misgovernment, and because they fought well the Turcophiles maintained that they ought to be let alone in their cruelty and misgovernment. So, also, Baker, having been dismissed from the army and punished criminally for a gross outrage on a lady, is held to have atoned for it by showing in the Turkish service, what no one ever doubted, that he was a good cavalry officer. The sympathies of society, however, followed him into his exile, and the pro-Turk newspapers did everything in their power to embellish his exploits. The only one he had an opportunity of performing outdoes, as reported by them, the great feat of Roland at Roncesvalles: with 2,800 Turks he held 40,000 Russians, commanded by Gourko, in check for a whole day on open ground, and retired in good order with the loss of only half his force. With 5,000 men, therefore, he would probably have turned Gourko, and flung him back into the Balkans.

The Pope's first allocution to the Cardinals in Consistory has appeared, and has been read with a good deal of interest as shadowing forth, however faintly, the policy of his administration. The rhetoric is not very different from that of his predecessor, and we presume belongs to a fixed official type. He describes himself as alarmed by the immensity of the burden of responsibility imposed on him by his election: eulogizes his predecessor: takes the old ground with regard to the loss of the temporal power; draws a very dark picture of the actual condition of the Church, and of the violence of which she has been the victim. The rest of the paper is devoted to the establishment of the Scotch episcopates. Nevertheless, the general opinion seems to be that the new régime will be much more liberal than the old one. M. de Molinari has hunted up an episcopal pastoral of Cardinal Pecci, issued last year to the clergy and people of his diocese, in which he discusses the relations of the Church to science and modern civilization, and it certainly seems to have the seeds of improvement in it. His statements in it of the nature of civilization and progress, of the leading doctrines of political economy, and of the connection between scientific and religious thought, contain nothing that would not pass current in any convention of political economists. But it must be admitted that at that portion of the argument which seeks to make the Syllabus appear friendly to science and civilization, the machinery creaks and groans terribly.

## SECRETARY SHERMAN'S RESUMPTION.

MR. SHERMAN'S success in selling fifty millions of four-and-a-half per cent. bonds in this city makes it all but certain that greenbacks will either be at par or sufficiently near par between now and January, 1879, to make it possible for him at and after that date to pay in gold all of them which are likely to be presented. Whether he will be able to continue to do so during the ensuing two years, while silver is gradually making its way into use as a cheap legal tender, is of course still doubtful; but the uncertainty on this point does not trouble him, as he has the right under the law to pay in silver should gold be scarce, and he informed the House Committee the other day that should he find himself short of both metals he would resort to an expedient which he mentioned as something he had heard of as having been used in foreign countries—viz., a suspension of specie payments. Against this contingency, however, he will be protected both by his supply of gold, his supply of silver, and the power which he claims and which he declares his intention to exercise, of reissuing the greenbacks reserved by him in exchange for gold, and by the power which he asks Congress to give him of receiving greenbacks in payment of customs duties after July. This prospect is naturally giving the public a great deal of satisfaction. Some are pleased because it promises to relieve the Government from the discredit of having its notes circulating at a discount; others, because it seems likely to disconcert or quiet the silver-men in Congress, and also the advocates of the repeal of the Resumption Act, their main objection to which was that it could not possibly be executed, and that the preparation for its execution was inflicting great loss and suffering on debtors. To these two classes, however, the most attractive feature in Mr. Sherman's scheme is its inflation feature. If carried out in the way he proposes, the gold he pays out for greenbacks will be a clear addition to the circulation, as long as the exchanges do not turn against us and silver has not become too plentiful, for he will reissue the greenbacks as soon as he takes them. Consequently it is thought we may look forward to a year or two of rising prices, during which we shall all be able to "unload" our unsalable stocks and real estate. This to the sufferers of the last five years is naturally a most agreeable outlook. But after this year or two—what?

The answer which the Secretary himself, and that large and growing portion of the public which does not like remote views, would make to this question would probably be this: That the return of confidence and hopefulness produced by the resumption of specie payments by the Government, in conjunction with inflation, would doubtless put an end to the financial vagaries bred by the long-continued depression, and bring Congress and the country into a rational and moderate frame of mind with regard to finance, and abate the growing desire to despoil the public creditor; that, therefore, by the time the silver legislation began to make itself felt and work mischief, it would be possible to procure from Congress a repeal or modification of the law, and to reconcile the country to the total disappearance from circulation of the Government notes; that, in short, we should get back gradually to our old and sound financial status not by any systematic or carefully-planned process, but in the plunging, floundering fashion which seems to be more and more accepted as the only fashion in which a genuine democracy can escape from difficulties. As this is prophecy, it is, of course, impossible to refute it. The most one can do is to disbelieve it; but it must be admitted that it is by no means improbable prophecy, and that it would not be surprising if we did reach dry land in some such way. In any event, it is a great gain to have the Government notes made at last payable in gold at par. If the process of paying them is once begun, too, so many interests will be enlisted in support of its continuance that it will not be abandoned again without a severe struggle or the occurrence of some great public calamity.

On the other hand, no finance, whether public or private, can be called sound in which the consequences of things not turning out as you expect them to turn out have not been considered, and as far

as possible provided for. It is not likely that any prosperity brought about by a sudden inflation of the currency, no matter of what the currency consists, will be lasting or healthy. All experience forbids us to expect it. Moreover, it is not likely that any effect of inflation during the next two years will make the burden of debt at the West, whether private or municipal, seem much lighter. The payment of any debt in gold, or its equivalent, is something which the West will hardly become reconciled to within that period, and yet the success of the Secretary's plan depends on the three legal tenders continuing equal in value. Should they cease to be so through any contingency, he would have to abandon gold payments, and the attention of "the debtor class" would be again turned to the Government paper which he proposes to keep afloat as the true instrument of its deliverance; and this time it would undoubtedly be made to work its deliverance. His plan of resumption, in short, though it may ease matters for the moment, and may prepare the way for real resumption, is not the resumption which was intended when the notes were issued; is not the resumption which the defenders of the public credit have been working for; and is not the resumption provided for by the Resumption Act. When these notes were first issued they were regarded as a forced loan, and the legal-tender character was bestowed on them not because the Government had determined to take up the business of a bank of issue, but in order to sustain their value as currency. The notion that they would, could, or should be made to constitute part of the permanent circulation of the country was due to the discovery by the Democrats of the fact that they could probably be made the instrument of fraud both on public and private creditors. Since that period all the thoughtless and dishonest classes in the country have adopted the theory that they were true money, the best kind of money, and that we could not have too many of them. There are, too, hundreds of thousands East and West who, while repudiating the idea that they are fit to be the permanent money of the country, nevertheless hold that they are "good enough money to pay debts with"; and nobody who does not make it a business to watch the manifestations of popular opinion on this subject, can form an adequate conception of the strength of the hold which has been obtained, both in Congress and at the West, by the notion that the burden of debt under which the country is now laboring cannot be got rid of by the ordinary process, but must be disposed of by an issue of Government paper made for the purpose, so that we can all make "a fresh start" without liabilities of any kind.

There is only one mode of salvation from this craze, and that is the one provided by the Resumption Act, which directs the Secretary of the Treasury "to redeem in coin the United States legal-tender notes then outstanding on presentation," etc. Redeeming a note in coin means paying it; and when it is paid it has no longer any function or value in law or morals. The sole duty of the Treasury with regard to it is to cancel or destroy it. To put it afloat again is to issue it afresh, or, in other words, to do a thing which the Supreme Court has denied the right of the United States to do in time of peace. Secretary Sherman put this construction on the Resumption Act in 1875, when he procured its passage. He now, however, claims the power of reissuing the redeemed notes under the old statute, which gives the Secretary the power of reissuing notes "returned to the Treasury" in payment of taxes and in the purchase of bonds. That this is a quibble is, of course, plain, and it is impossible to characterize it, considering who the author is, in language that would seem moderate. The result of acting on it will probably be the following:

1. The assumption by the Government, without any clear or definite warrant of law, or any proper checks and restraints, of the functions of a bank, managed by one man, armed with enormous and irresponsible power over the money market.

2. The confirmation and further diffusion of the growing and dangerous popular delusion that whatever the Government stamps as money is good money, and may be of indefinite amount, and that Congress is the proper judge of the amount needed at any particular time.

3. The encouragement of that other and more dangerous delusion which has been born in this country mainly of the issue of irredeemable paper—that the Government is responsible for the condition of industry and the prosperity of the people in other ways than through the provision of security, and, as an inexhaustible fountain of wealth, may be fairly called on to provide remunerative employment for all who seek it.

That Secretary Sherman's plan, and, above all, his shifty, evasive, and changeable utterances on all financial problems, will but strengthen all the alarming tendencies of the day, seems at this moment highly probable, and it would be a great misfortune if his proposed attempt to disregard the law, whatever one may think of his motives, passed without the protest both of honest and far-seeing men. If he means to reissue the greenbacks, he ought in decency to ask Congress that they may be deprived of their legal-tender character and allowed to circulate for what they are worth as Government promissory notes. It is exceedingly doubtful in any case whether his reissues would be accepted as anything more than this, and whether the courts would hold them to be a legal tender.

#### THE MORAL OF TWEED'S CAREER.

THE death of Tweed, the late Boss of this city, has drawn forth the usual number of funeral discourses, both from the press and the pulpit, and by most of them he has been made to serve as a warning of extraordinary solemnity against dishonest practices and sensual indulgence. We cannot help thinking that this is great waste of a fine and conspicuous example. The only preacher, within our observation, who has turned it to proper account is the *New York Times*, in pointing out that what Tweed's career most effectively illustrated was not the inexpediency of individual wickedness, but the badness of the social conditions in which such wickedness could be so successful. There is no city in the civilized world which does not contain plenty of men capable of doing all that Tweed did and more, if they got a chance. London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Boston, and Philadelphia, all have them in abundance; men, we venture to say, with full as much ability and audacity, with as huge a greed for money and as capacious stomachs. In every one of these cities there are scores of "mute inglorious" Tweeds, waiting for an opportunity to play his part. If we never hear of them the reason will be, not that he was a man of matchless powers of mischief, but that the community they live in will not give them a chance of imitating him. He was undoubtedly an eminent man in his field, but he was not an eminently bad man. With similar culture and manure dozens like him could be raised in a year in any great capital, and by going to any State prison much more valuable illustrations of the consequences of knavery might be produced for the use of the Sunday-school teacher.

To say that he was produced by certain social conditions is, however, not strictly accurate. He was produced by certain political conditions which grew into existence almost without the knowledge of the American public, and to which their eyes were only fairly opened by his rise and fall. American political theories and traditions had made absolutely no provision and provided no place for the community which raised him. According to these theories and traditions, when a number of capitalists, owning or controlling vast amounts of property, collect for the transaction of business at the mouth of a great river and draw around them hundreds of thousands of poor, ignorant, or shiftless persons to work for them in their warehouses and factories and docks, these hundreds of thousands become animated by an eager desire for efficient, orderly, and economical municipal government, and unite with the property-owners for its creation and maintenance; they become, in short, the personage known in American jurisprudence as "the people," inheriting the supposed attributes of the sovereign of the Old World—that is, a perspicacious, vigilant, upright master, keeping a watchful eye over the public interests, and careful in the selection of public servants. In fact, however, the growth of American cities has followed no such lines. The population by which they have been rapidly built up during the past twenty-five years

has had many of the characteristics of a plebs, and rapidly began to ask for leaders which should put it in the way of living off the rich without violating the law. Tweed succeeded because he was the first to perceive the work which this class wished to have done, and the first to discover the way of doing it. Having once secured, through the ignorant, greedy vote, the control of the local taxation, he introduced Americans to another startling novelty—the wholesale corruptibility of legislatures composed of country farmers and lawyers of small means, by the use of sums which far exceeded with most of them the possible savings of a frugal and successful life. With the instruments in his hands, his work, as we all know, was perfectly easy. He met with no check from the very first until the exposure came. And let us remember that he fell without loss of reputation among the bulk of his supporters. The bulk of the poorer voters of this city to-day revere his memory, and look on him as the victim of rich men's malice; as, in short, a friend of the needy who applied the public funds, with as little waste as was possible under the circumstances, to the purposes to which they ought to be applied—and that is to the making of work for the workingman. The odium heaped on him in the pulpits last Sunday does not exist in the lower stratum of New York society. We can appeal for the truth of this to any one who has during the past six years taken the trouble to test the opinion of this stratum on Tweed's life and fate.

The intelligent and wealthy classes, of course, do not like to believe these things, and men with political ambition, if they believe them, do not dare to utter them; but they are none the less true and important. They constitute "the great-city problem," which is perhaps now the most pressing one of American politics, but which politicians and primitive Americans (with the New England town governments still fresh in their minds, however) either refuse to see or shrink from dealing with. It is the problem, too, by which the seeds of that communistic spirit which is now assailing the nation's finances was sown and is being steadily fostered. The power lodged in the hands of the penniless municipal voter over large masses of property furnishes either a constant lesson in spoliation or a temptation to spoliation, and is keeping alive or stimulating all over the Union the schemes for getting a living out of the Government by hook or by crook which are now showing themselves in the arena of national politics, and even becoming the foundation of a party. In this new field—new in America—Tweed was simply the earliest worker, but he was not a particularly skilful worker. He lost his head very early in the day, and thus precipitated his downfall. Had he gone more slowly and carried on his operations on a smaller scale, and been simpler in his habits and less ostentatious in his pleasures, he could have retained his power until now, and might have strengthened it and made his overthrow far more difficult. A villain of more brains would have had a modest dwelling and would have guzzled in secret. He found, however, the seizure of the government and the malversation of its funds so easy at the outset that he was thrown off his guard. His successors here and elsewhere will not imitate him in this, but that he will have successors there is no doubt. The resolute refusal of the community which he spoiled and corrupted to make any essential change in the system by which he rose, or even to acknowledge the desirableness of a change, is a kind of standing invitation to all the demagogues of the world to come here and try their hands on us again, and the taxing system of nearly every city in the Union offers them a ready instrument for the attempt.

#### THE AMERICAN COLONY IN FRANCE.

PARIS, March 20, 1878.

NO one can have resided long abroad without noticing that Americans—as a people—are neither liked nor respected by the French, in spite of their purchasing power and of the pretty speeches made at the Grand Hôtel dinners about Lafayette, Rochambeau & Co. Frenchmen are not prejudiced against us by the stories of our barbarous customs and financial irregularities at home. They only shrug their shoulders when they hear them. "Que voulez-vous! chaque pays a ses usages," as one of them said to a lady who complained that African cannibals had eaten her

husband. They judge us by what they see here. Some thoroughly good Americans get to Paris even during life, but what are they compared with the crowd which quick travel and low fares impel every season over Europe? The United States has become the *officina viatorum*. Our citizens, male and female, manage to beg, borrow, or steal at least one trip to Europe; and as misfortunes never come single, they bring their children with them—numerous, noisy, and uncontrolled. French and English children are left at home when their parents travel. They also bring with them a wonderful ignorance of the habits, behavior, and feelings of Europeans. Indeed there are many whose untutored minds expect to find here a repetition of the ways and manners of their native town. Everything is compared with home, and nothing that differs seems as good. "Paris is a' very weel, but Peebles for pleasure." The Boulevard is not like Lake Avenue, and at the cafés you cannot get pork and beans or fried ham. We except the Bon-Marché shop in the Rue de Bac; that is the Caaba of the pilgrimage of American women.

Plato says that a certain brisk pertness and self-assertion is the result of democratic government. For other reasons America is not a good training-school of manners for the multitude. Not that Americans wish to be offensive—on the contrary, they are very good-natured; but they seem not to know the kind of treatment or attention (*égards* is the French word) a civilized being has the right to expect from a stranger. They simply do as they are willing to be done by. But here the standard of out-door manners is very different, and American shortcomings in this respect cause many uncomplimentary remarks. We overheard an exasperated Frenchman assert that no people were so ill-mannered as the Americans, except the Germans. Another difficulty for the American traveller is that he does not know his place in this complex society. In his ignorance of custom and etiquette he will thrust himself even upon royalty, utterly unconscious of the disgust he is producing; or, if ignorant of all languages but his own, he will bestow his company upon hotel servants who speak English, confiding to them his troubles and consulting them about his little wants and purchases. A distinguished New York politician, who missed, no doubt, in Paris his home constituency of ragamuffins, used to address the servants of his hotel, urging them to go to America, where all men were equal and labor respected. Our lucky countrymen who have struck oil or bonanzas have more pretension. They hire a courier, to whom they bow down—an accomplished creature, who speaks six languages unintelligibly, and who knows the best hotels and the best shops all over the Continent. He tells them what to do, what to eat, how to dress; drives with them inside of their landau, pats them on the back when he is good-humored and condescending, smokes in their faces, makes love to the maid, and pockets his ten per cent. on everything they buy.

In October, when the summer flood ebbs homeward, numerous stragglers are left stranded, who give various reasons for stopping. Health, education of children, economy, study of science or art. Some of the students follow the apostolic rule of travel, take neither scrip nor purse, and find it difficult to pay their bills without borrowing, and some are mere adventurers, "gentlemen of independent morals and ladies unattached." One meets single ladies who have come to study for prima donnas or for "general culture," with no visible means of support; married ladies without their husbands (many American families, like their mercantile houses, having branches on this side); widows of the class called *vedova pericolante* in Italy, sometimes alone, sometimes with a daughter pretty, dressy, not bashful, *qui s'habille et babille*; and young girls travelling together without chaperonage or duennage, *sans peur* and all, of course, *sans reproche*; but no amount of conscious rectitude will get them the respect of people who are accustomed to draw certain inferences from certain appearances. Above and beyond these waifs and strays is the "Colonie Américaine," a collection of families who inhabit the Champs Elysées and the quarter about the Arc de Triomphe. Some of them reside abroad to save money, and others because they wish to spend it, and their sudden fortunes have given them no positions at home. The general theory is that they can lead an easier life and get more comfort and luxury from their incomes than they could in the United States, which is probably true. The colonists, in spite of repeated attacks on French society, see very little of it, except, indeed, a few young men attracted by dinners, dances, and daughters with "dots." They lead an idle, aimless existence, enlivened for the men by daily visits to Drexel's or Cuvillier's; and for the women, by tea-drinkings and gossip like that of a small New England village in the winter season—a life not without its attractions for the ladies, especially when they turn Catholic, which is rather the swell thing to do; but, one would think, insufferably dull to a

man of energy and character. The Colonie has its little gradations of rank and its *grandes dames*. All unite in sneering at those they call "low Americans." Foreigners do not perceive this distinction, but look upon all Americans as occupying the same social plane, differing only in spending more or less money. Of their own country the Colonie speaks with mild contempt: "Better fifty years of Paris than a cycle of Broadway." New York is provincial; the streets are unswept; men chew tobacco; the servants are not respectful and get very high wages. "It is not fit for a gentleman to live in." All the uses of that new world seem weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. The Colonie washes its hands of it and addresses new-comers as "You Americans." And yet, in spite of these excellent sentiments, very good apartments, correct servants, strict adherence to the fashions of the natives and prompt payment, the Colonie is not respected. No educated Frenchman or Englishman can understand why a man who is soundly constituted, mentally, morally, and financially, should permanently reside out of his own country, unless as a merchant or a diplomat or an exile for cause.

The critical foreigner is also amused by the love of orders and titles displayed even by the sturdiest American democrats. A red ribbon, or ribbon of any color, is ostentatiously worn, whether derived from a jury position in some International Exposition, or given by the late Emperor as a reward for inventing a clothes-wringer or a new method of making artificial teeth. *D'coré comme un dentiste américain* has become a French proverb. It is said that one of our officials on this side, keenly feeling that this outward and visible sign was wanting to complete the get-up of a great ex-military traveller, invented an order composed of the badges of the different army corps during the war, which was worn both by the great man and himself about their necks on suitable occasions. American girls can marry titles, but they are manifestly unattainable by American men. They try to meet this difficulty by the use of Honorable. A man who has held any office, from President to constable, thinks himself entitled to put this word before his name; or if he has been a volunteer officer, or even honorary aid-de-camp to the governor of his State, he puts Major or Colonel on his visiting cards and conspicuously on his luggage. This particular weakness obtains as much in the aristocratic class of Americans as in the "lower" varieties of the race. There is an aristocracy in the United States, although it may be difficult to note in what it consists. Perhaps a rough but tolerable definition is that the father of the American aristocrat kept the shop and bequeathed the fortune. As a consequence, the descendant of the rich family has a better education in the amenities and accomplishments of social life than the fellow-citizen whose head has just appeared above the surface. Indeed, in my opinion there is no nicer person to be found on the planet than a well-bred American of education and sense. But when established here their good sense deserts them on this point. Their sympathy with European manners and social distinctions "o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side." Laboulaye hit the mark when he said: "*Tout Américain à Paris se croit gentilhomme*." Although they only see society abroad as the Mussulman women do Paradise, through the boundary railings, they wish to live near the upper class and to live like it. They have no other way of asserting their position. Hence many spend more than they can afford; more, certainly, than foreigners of the same fortune would think themselves justified in spending. By some mysterious process of reasoning they consider it necessary to live up to an imaginary social dignity at home. All that the "right people" do they carefully imitate, struggling to avoid sinning against the conventionalities in equipage, dress, and habits. Thinking always what foreigners will think of them begets an uncomfortable self-consciousness, a want of confidence in themselves. They are not genuine; only imitations. The "low" American has here the advantage. He may have little taste or appreciation of art, he may be too ready to assert himself and to boast of his country, but he really believes in himself and in his country. The better-bred man, who looks down upon him, is in his inmost heart ashamed of his country. He will resent any open attack upon it with vigor; he may talk of its wealth, prosperity, ingenuity, and enterprise, but secretly he wishes he had been born elsewhere. If you care to make him your friend for life, tell him he has been taken for an Englishman. It is the greatest compliment you can pay him. Give him time, and ten to one he will tell you himself how often this "odd mistake" has occurred. To England he turns his face when he worships. English opinion decides all social questions for him without appeal. He wears only English clothes, and tries hard to catch the accent. He is familiar with Burke and the history of English families, and does not forget to mention his English friends. If his name is Smith Brown he connects these two aris-

toeratic patronymics with a hyphen, or if it be only Smith, he will spell it with a *y*, trace his descent from the noble family of that name, and adopt their crest on his note-paper and his harness. We are the only powerful nation whose sons and daughters display this lack of moral fibre. Englishmen and Frenchmen are proud of being English and French, and generally proclaim their nationality. The Anglo-American has no confidence in his ability to command respect as an American; he tacitly admits himself to be an inferior creature.

Herein lies a double foolishness. The world, like Alfieri, prefers *originale, anche tristo, a ottima copia*. A certain flavor of the soil is never disagreeable in a well-bred person; rather, it is attractive, as a slight foreign accent is pleasing in a stranger who speaks English well. It is much better form to be American and to have a national individuality of one's own than to offer to foreign eyes a pale imitation of European models.

"That man's the best cosmopolite  
Who loves his native country best."

In the second place, imitations are always failures. As false teeth and hair-dye deceive nobody, and he who runs may read the age of the person who uses them, so no American, dress, talk, and live as he may, can shake off the land of his birth. The Yankee will show through the London clothes, the carefully studied accent, and the foreign habits. It is impossible long to conceal the melancholy reality.

I. M.

## Notes.

PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia, will republish in this country 'A Trip up the Volga to the Fair of Nishni-Novgorod,' by H. A. Munro-Butler-Johnstone, M.P.—Lee & Shepard, Boston, have published 'Music and Some Musical People,' by James M. Trotter, a work curious for its "sketches of the lives of remarkable musicians of the colored race, with portraits," and its "appendix containing copies of music composed by colored men." The author served in one of the Massachusetts colored regiments during the war as a non-commissioned officer.—Prof. C. E. Norton, Cambridge, Mass., proposes to issue a set of thirty or thirty-five heliotype reproductions of Turner's rare and costly etchings of the designs of the 'Liber Studiorum.' They will be made under Prof. Norton's scrupulous supervision from the etchings loaned for the purpose by Mr. Ruskin, and will be issued to subscribers only at ten dollars a set.—The important article in No. 5 of the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* is Mr. Townsend's painstaking account of Charles Armand Tuffin, Marquis de la Rouerie, one of the foreign officers in our Revolutionary service whose names have been almost forgotten, and who are not always fortunate in finding a Kapp to restore them to their rightful place in history and in the gratitude of the nation.—Among the amenities of the religious press we have lately been struck by the following announcement: "Marriage notices, not exceeding three lines in length, except when sent by an officiating minister who promotes the circulation of this journal, fifty cents."—*Nature* celebrates the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Harvey by publishing a characteristic biographical sketch of him from the pen of Professor Huxley. The steel portrait (in the "Scientific Worthies" series) which was to have accompanied the sketch has been delayed, but will be supplied next month.—*Cocayne*, the Cornell equivalent of the Harvard *Lampoon*, contains in its first number some decidedly clever drawing, some that is crude enough, and letter-press of a grade which we hope represents the low-water mark of the literary capacity of the University.—*La Patria* is a monthly magazine edited at Bogotá, Colombia, by Adriano Paz, and issued in two separate parts—literary, and political and educational. The "Revista Política y de Instrucción Pública" for February is noticeable from its references to the United States, having articles on "The Great Men of America (Washington)" "Great Philanthropists (Peabody)," "Public Instruction in the United States," "Methods of Instruction in the United States" (by J. P. Wickersham), "The Street Arabs of New York," "The Cotton Industry of the United States," etc., etc.—Not long since we called attention to the treatment of the Franco-German war in the German "Volksliteratur." Now the Germans, who make monographs on everything, have prepared one on the French war-poetry. Dr. Jos. Schlüter, in his 'Die französische Kriegs- und Revanchedichtung' (Heilbronn, 1878), has prepared a full and in some aspects rather amusing history and anthology of the poetical insults heaped upon

his countrymen by their mortified foes since the war—amusing because the French eagerness to abuse and the German indignation at being abused seem equally childish to an outsider; and yet not altogether amusing, because all this sound and fury does signify something, and one cannot help remembering what an amount of misery national hate may lead to.—A poetic rendering of Longfellow's "Pandora" into German by Isabella Schuchardt has just been published at Hamburg.—No. 72 of the Berlin Geographical Society's *Zeitschrift* contains the usual summary by Dr. Koner of the geographical publications of the past year. In No. 73 Dr. Klunzinger contributes a systematic account of his observations of the vertebrate fauna in and about the Red Sea during his stay at Koseir, and A. Bastian describes the pictured rocks of Colombia, which are also figured in plates.—Recent German works of importance are A. Springer's 'Raphael and Michael Angelo: Book I, to the death of Julius II.'; H. Brugsch-Bey's 'Journey to the Great Oasis, El Khargeh, in the Libyan Desert,' with 27 plates; Calvary's new edition of Becker's 'Charikles,' by H. Gell, nearly completed; A. Goebel's first volume of a 'Lexilogus to Homer and the Homeridae'; and Vambéry's 'Etymological Dictionary of the Turko-Tataric Languages,' published by Brockhaus.

—Mr. William Minturn, on behalf of the Société des Gens de Lettres, calls the attention of our public to the International Literary Congress to be held at Paris during the Exposition. "The chief object of this Congress, to which all foreign writers are invited, will be the discussion of the questions relating to international copyright, and the recognition of this right, which heretofore diplomatic conventions have been powerless to protect." Victor Hugo is expected to deliver the opening address.

—Mr. Daniel Cottier's collection of pictures, now for the first time seen side by side in the gallery No. 817 Broadway, is a peculiar demonstration of a certain phase of art-belief. The keynote, struck by the grand Corot, the "Orpheus" from the Demidoff collection, is harmoniously prolonged through the half a score other whispering Corots, the sombre and brooding Millets, the rich but still dreamy utterances of Rousseau and Diaz—which acknowledge a certain enjoyment of life—and the exalted color-raptures of Monticelli. Monticelli and Matthew Maris, artists whose works have been almost exclusively bought by artists, and whose lives have been squalid epics of romantic poverty, have been brought out by Mr. Cottier into broad daylight and in considerable numbers, though the intimate and personal appeal they both make to the artistic sense gives them a shrinking air when a Philister brings his creaking boots into the gallery. The first-named used to sell his fancies at starving prices to Diaz and Daubigny and Théodore Rousseau; they seem like Turner's dreams and schemes of color-melody applied to figure-subjects; the other, the youngest of three brothers Maris, a plotter of intricate themes while they have been working for fame, exhibits a cool and mystical water-scene in a privacy of willows, and a Norman girl apprised of the coming of her lover by the quick ears of her goats. Three studies by Vollon, each of fine quality, still-life subjects by Philippe Rousseau, a Velasquez-like hunting-group by Roybet, a *Chouan* by Ribot, and a positive figure of a housewife by Bonvin, painted in the most realistic of the many manners of Jan Steen, give the accent of literalness here and there. The general impression, however, is as unlike that of a dealer's gallery as possible, and reminds us of the secrets of the deep dragged into the daylight of a public aquarium. Such a collection of art for artists, such a singular gage of defiance thrown down to the opinions of the market and the loves of the picture-dealers, has not been known, we think, to London or Paris or any other capital.

—The "Exiles," as given at Booth's Theatre, is described in the play-bills as a "drama in five acts and nine tableaux." The *dramatis personæ* are so numerous as to bring out the "entire strength of the company." The stage effects are good, and the acting is not sufficiently marked, either for goodness or badness, to interfere with one's appreciation of the play, as such. It is, we believe, founded on a novel, which, by a series of adaptations and other metamorphoses, has at length become a highly sensational melodrama. The scene is laid in St. Petersburg and Siberia, and the "Exiles" are the unfortunate and innocent victims of the plot of *Schelm*, "Chief of the Fifth Bureau of Imperial Police." He loves the beautiful *Nadege Lanine*, but his advances are repelled, for she is the betrothed bride of *Max de Lussières*, a Frenchman (very well acted by Mr. D. H. Harkins). *Schelm*, whose villainy knows no bounds, has the lovers, as well as *Nadege's* brother and her brother's wife (*Count Vladimir Lanine* and the *Countess Tatiana*), all sent off to Siberia, on a false accu-

sation of participation in a Nihilist conspiracy. They now go through much privation and wretchedness, but in the nick of time, disguised as a priest, the faithful servant of the Frenchman comes to their rescue, and on the reappearance of the hated *Schelm* the men escape, to take part in a rising for their liberty. The women fall into his clutches, however, and he forces a promise of marriage from *Nadege* as the price of his assistance in saving the life of her sister-in-law, who has swooned in the snow and lies exhausted and dying. This brings us to the end of act third, and precisely what takes place afterwards we are unable to state definitely, inasmuch as the extraordinary length of the performance on the evening when we saw it precluded the possibility of staying it out. The plot is undoubtedly interesting, and with better acting might have a long run. Who Prince Lubomirsky, one of the persons jointly concerned in the authorship of the play, may be, we do not know, but from his name take him to be a member of a state which is not over fond of the Russians. The play is certainly strongly anti-Russian, exhibiting as it does the official rascality and tyranny of that people at their worst. By changing the Frenchman to an Englishman, and introducing a few pointed allusions to passing events, the "Exiles" might be converted into a play which would have a great success in England. Here it depends for its interest upon purely human appeals to our sympathies. It is melodramatic in the use the authors make of situations, as distinguished from the dramatic development of character; but there is in *Schelm*, in *Mar*, as well as the *Countess Tatiana* and *Nadege*, room for acting of a higher order than plays in "five acts and nine tableaux" usually provide. The tableaux were generally very good—though in one of them we noticed a curious illustration of the difficulty of reconciling art and morality; the miscellaneous teams of animals harnessed to the stage in the third act having to be helped with their somewhat excessive action by active "supes" in the rear—a compromise between the professional passion for theatrical effect and the modern spirit of humanity, which does great credit to the heart, if not the head, of the manager.

—Miss Elizabeth Hoar, who died in Cambridge on the 7th instant, was a sister of the well-known Senator and Judge of that name, and had the intellectual stamp of the family in a marked degree. Her scholarly acquirements were akin to those of her life-long friend Mrs. Ripley, of Concord, whose biography she prepared for the Centennial volume called "Worthy Women of Our First Century"—the only monument of her literary skill which survives in print. In 1844 she accompanied her father, the late Samuel Hoar, on his memorable mission to South Carolina on behalf of the colored seamen of Massachusetts, whose liberties were endangered at that port, and suffered expulsion with him. Her maternal grandfather was Roger Sherman. Miss Hoar was in the sixty-fourth year of her age. Another recent death which should not pass unnoticed is that of Dr. Charles Pickering, naturalist of the Wilkes Expedition, and author of "The Races of Men and their Geographical Distribution" (1848), "The Geographical Distribution of Animals and Plants" (1854), and "The Chronological History of Plants," now passing through the press. Dr. Pickering was a grandson of Colonel Timothy Pickering, and a graduate of Harvard in 1823. He died March 17.

—Our readers have doubtless had enough of the controversy, transferred to these columns, over the Philadelphia Harvard examinations for women, so far as courses and catalogues are concerned. The discussion had, however, drifted away from the main points—the main points not only in Philadelphia but wherever the Harvard examinations are set up—and it has just been incisively recalled to them by Prof. Charles F. Dunbar, of the Harvard Faculty. In the April number of the *Penn Monthly* he undertakes to show how gratuitous Provost Stillé's opposition was, not only on such trivial and unworthy grounds as that Harvard was an intruder and trespasser, and that the innovations in her curriculum were regarded by the other New-England colleges as "heresy," but on these three, viz., (1) that there was no need of the examinations in Philadelphia, (2) that as they were probably committed to the charge of the younger instructors, the certificate of proficiency carried no weight, and (3) that they were pernicious as cultivating the memory at the expense of the other faculties, and as encouraging the idea that thorough scholarship could be acquired privately without the aid of schools or teachers. We shall not try to summarize Professor Dunbar's temperate but crushing rejoinders on all these issues; but we think it will be clear to most unprejudiced readers that Provost Stillé had not prepared himself for this encounter by mastering the facts involved, and that his public protest against examinations which his own University had declined to furnish, was prompted by wounded *amour propre*; in other words,

that he himself is in the category of "the average school-teacher," whom "nothing irritates more," to use his own words, than the demand for exceptional instruction and the consequent derangement of his general system of teaching.

—The reviews of Mr. Cook's 'Biology' and 'Transcendentalism' in the April number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* belong to the class of apologies, and are rather good specimens of the class. But the "scholar" who apologizes for the 'Transcendentalism' intimates that carefulness and propriety, however desirable in an essay on grave topics, are somewhat needless in an oration, as tending to be wearisome. The "scientist" who reviews the 'Biology'—which bristles from head to tail with dogmatic proof and positive demonstration—has discovered that "the argument of the work, although not prominently so stated, is precisely the argument of Butler's 'Analogy,' modernized, popularized, and brought down to the last discoveries in the domain of organic nature." This likening of the 'Biology' to the 'Analogy,' whether for matter or tone, is most original. Of all the Butlers it is not in the tribe of Joseph that a parallel to "the Lecturer" would ordinarily be sought.

—A correspondent writes us from London, under date of March 22:

"There has for a long time been no more interesting exhibition in London than the little collection of drawings by Turner, the property of Mr. Ruskin, which is now to be seen in Bond Street. I call it a 'little' collection because, although the result of many years of ardent activity on Mr. Ruskin's part, it has been much curtailed by his liberality in parting with some of its most valuable features, many of which he has given away to the two Universities. In its decimated condition, however, it contains many treasures. The interest of the exhibition is increased, moreover, by the fact that Mr. Ruskin is just now lying very ill, and that telegrams and bulletins relating to his condition are suspended in the room, and also by the fact that the catalogue consisted of a collection of notes made by the owner of the drawings. This catalogue is extremely characteristic, containing, as it does, amid much exquisite criticism and much that is a genuine help to enjoyment, many of those incongruous utterances of which the illustrious art-teacher has of late been so prolific. I may add that a portion of it appears to have been dictated at the moment when Mr. Ruskin felt the approach of his illness, and that these pages bear the marks of this condition to a degree which makes it seem almost a cruelty—an irony—to have published them. A drawback, on the other hand, is that the drawings are hung quite without method and without any reference to their chronological order. The room, which is small, is also densely crowded with (apparently most appreciative) visitors. But in spite of drawbacks it is possible to obtain an abiding impression of the genius of this mightiest of all painters of landscape. I have not space to enumerate these drawings, which are chiefly in water-colors. They are divided in the catalogue into groups which correspond to decades in the painter's life, and to which Mr. Ruskin has affixed characteristic headings: '2d Group—The Rock-Foundations; Switzerland, 1800-1810. 3d Group—Dreamland; Italy, 1810-1820. 4th Group—Reality; England at Rest. 5th Group—Reality; England Disquieted. 6th Group—Meditation; England Passing Away. 8th Group—Morning; By the Riversides.' The English series in this list is decidedly the richest and finest, though the most valuable drawing in the collection is undoubtedly the splendid little 'Rouen' from the 'Rivers of France.' Turner rarely surpassed what he achieved within the few inches' space of this small sheet, rarely rendered more wonderfully the immensity and the impressiveness of nature than in the diminutive brush-work of this crimson western sky or the onward flow of this almost microscopic Seine. In the English drawings the subjects are usually of extreme loveliness, and worthy of Turner's transfiguring vision. That imaginative quality with which he invests his work is often such as to make the reader of the catalogue admit those ultra-metaphysical intentions which Mr. Ruskin attributes to him. From what Mr. Ruskin says about the beauty and delicacy of the work, as simple work, he at any rate rarely ventures to differ. And this is the lesson of these admirable drawings—the feeling they impart, that idealism like Turner's has for its main condition of beauty the fact that it rests upon a solidity of execution which almost defies ultimate analysis. In these water-colors of his healthiest time everything is equally light, clear, and unerring. There is never (save occasionally in the figures) a touch of violence. At the moment at which I write Mr. Ruskin continues seriously ill; but the crisis of his malady—which his almost violent activity during the last few years appears to have rendered inevitable—has, I believe, been passed. There are few persons who will not be interested in hearing of the recovery of a writer whose eccentricities of judgment have been numerous, but for whom, at least, it can be claimed that he is the author of some of the most splendid pages in our language, and that he has spent his life, his large capacity for emotion, and his fortune in a passionate—a too passionate—endeavor to avert, in many different lines, what he believed to be the wrong and to establish his rigid conception of the right."

—The American public is not ignorant of the division of sentiment in the Royal Geographical Society in regard to the proposed unreserved welcome to the explorer Stanley on his return from Africa—a welcome which was ultimately extended, in spite of all efforts to the contrary. Colonel Henry Yule, the learned geographer, whose name is indelibly associated with that of Marco Polo, retired from the Council of the Society in

consequence of its decision; and he, in conjunction with Mr. H. M. Hyndman, a fellow of the Society, whose endeavor to obtain a resolution of disapproval of certain acts of Stanley's was seconded by Colonel Yule but suppressed by the Society, has published a pamphlet which they call the 'Record of a Protest.' The acts in question were described by Mr. Stanley himself in his letters to the *Daily Telegraph*, and were committed on the way to, or on the shores and waters of, the Victoria Nyanza. They consisted of engagements with the natives in which attacks were repelled with unnecessary destruction of life and property, including the burning of villages; or in which Stanley was wantonly the aggressor in revenge for treachery already amply punished, and no longer of any consequence as affecting his freedom to pursue his explorations. The story is a long one and we cannot even summarize it here. Colonel Yule rehearses it with the greatest fairness, and Mr. Stanley's explanation at Willis's Rooms, based upon his diary, is reproduced with the other proceedings, articles in newspapers, speeches, letters, etc. We believe that no moralist can read this pamphlet without accepting Colonel Yule's conclusion as to the character of the deeds confessed (and explained) by Stanley. The duty of the Royal Society was, perhaps, not so clear, especially considering its lukewarmness towards Stanley after his return from Livingstone. There may also be some difference of opinion as to how much the British flag was stained by these proceedings under it. But the protest was right in spirit, and should have been frankly met by Stanley, who could have fallen back on his loyalty to his employers and to his followers as, next after his formidable armament, the chief cause of his excesses. We acquit him of bloodthirsty intentions or disposition, and believe he has shown as much tact as any explorer who had not to rely on "the irresistible might of weakness." And we believe he exculpates himself sincerely if not altogether logically in the outburst following the reading of his diary, and which will be found on page 38 of Colonel Yule's pamphlet.

#### LECKY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.\*

##### I.

MR. LECKY'S book ought to have been entitled 'Essays on the Growth of the British Empire during the Eighteenth Century.' Such a title would have saved his work from the one serious criticism to which it is open, for it would have warned the public not to look for that complete, consecutive, and well-arranged narrative which they have a right to expect from an historian. Such a title would also have brought clearly into relief a feature in Mr. Lecky's work which is of pre-eminent importance and yet might easily escape notice. He has seized more clearly than most writers the fruitful idea that the importance of the eighteenth century in English history lies in the transformation of England into the British Empire, and further, that no part of British history can be understood unless the development of the Empire be regarded as a whole. The statesmen of the eighteenth century, for example, if judged by their triumphs, might rank among the greatest politicians the world has seen. They pacified the spirit of faction which seemed to be tearing England in pieces. They "closed," to use a modern expression, "the era of revolution." They united Scotland to England by a union which has now become so close that the term union hardly expresses the complete identity of what not two centuries ago were disunited and hostile nations. They decided the struggle for colonial empire between France and England, and, if human foresight be not utterly deceived, determined that the civilization of the new world shall bear for ever the stamp of English and not of French influence. While securing the Western continent for the Anglo-Saxon race they gained for England herself the empire of the East. Looked at, therefore, from its favorable side, the annals of England during the eighteenth century may be well described, in the words of Mr. Lecky, as the "broad" and "majestic stream of events bearing the fortunes of England to the first place among the empires of the world." But if the same statesmen be judged by their failures, they might be placed amongst the most incompetent leaders who have wasted the resources of a great people. Their misgovernment of Ireland, whether judged of by the damaging narrative of Mr. Lecky or by the damning apologies by Mr. Froude, exhibits in strange combination the opposite evils of anarchy and of tyranny. Their management of America forced a peaceful population to take up arms and drove loyal subjects into rebellion, whilst the object for which the mother country lavished her treasures and lost her colonies was one which, could it have been attained, would

not after the lapse of a century have repaid to England one-tenth of the sums lost in the attempt to maintain a supremacy which, under proper management, would never have been challenged. Common sense, however, suggests that the history of a great people is never really a paradox, and that national triumphs and national calamities can never be explained by a series of antitheses. With nations as with men there is always a close connection between their weakness and their strength, and to examine the annals of the British Empire as a whole is to advance half way towards understanding both the strength and the weakness of what may be called the imperial policy. That Mr. Lecky has done this, and has seen that the dealings, for instance, of English statesmen with Scotland throw light on their dealings with Ireland, is his peculiar merit, and the best service we can render our readers is to show by a few examples gathered from his pages how the history of one part of the Empire illustrates and is in turn illuminated by the history of another.

The condition of Scotland, for example, before the union casts a very curious light on the state of Ireland. Mr. Lecky has himself pointed out that the lawlessness of the Highlands bears a strong similarity to the lawlessness which, according to Mr. Froude, has its source in some special depravity of Irish nature. He might have pushed the comparison further with advantage. The tragedy of the Darien Scheme remains a permanent memorial of the bitterness of feeling which may grow up between nations whom nature meant to form one people. The judicial murder of Captain Green is proof enough that, under the influence of popular excitement, "Scotch ideas" may deviate at least as far from justice as any of the "Irish ideas" recorded with cynical complacency by Mr. Froude. If any one supposes that what has been termed the "worship of equality" did not make Englishmen in the last century as slow to admit that Scotchmen were really fellow-citizens as Englishmen of the present century have been slow to admit that Irish Catholics have a claim to something more than mere legal equality, he can do nothing better than study the history of the fifty years which followed the Scotch union. Bute was hated much more because he was a Scotchman than because he was a Tory, and Junius was not more truly the representative of popular sentiment when he attacked the most contemptible of George the Third's contemptible ministers, than when he assailed with ignorant invective the greatest judge who has sat on the English Bench. "It will be observed," again, as Mr. Lecky points out, "that the conduct of England in destroying the trade and the most important manufacture of Ireland was a much less exceptional proceeding than Irish writers are disposed to maintain. England did to Ireland little more than she had done to America and to Scotland, and she acted in accordance with commercial principles that then governed all Colonial policy. It was a fundamental maxim that the commercial interests of a dependency should be wholly subordinated to those of the mother country, and to an English mind there was no reason why this maxim should not be rigidly applied to Ireland." In other words, a mistaken and selfish theory, carried out to its full logical results, ruined Ireland, and (what is the point here worth observation) adherence to exactly the same theory lost England her American colonies. Her failure in America, that is to say, both illustrates and is in a certain sense explained by her failure in Ireland.

If we turn from the outlying parts of the Empire to its centre we shall again find the same marked connection between the condition of each portion of the imperial fabric. Mr. Lecky dwells at considerable length on the disgraceful disorderliness of the streets of London, and readers who like historical gossip may find ample amusement in reading his account of the achievements of the Mohawks and other pretty gentlemen who playfully crushed the noses, poked out the eyes, and slashed the bodies of peaceable men and women who had the misfortune to be out in London streets of an evening; but students who wish for instruction will reflect that the traits of London life have a serious importance. They exhibit in a concrete form that weakness of the central government which in England, and, to a certain extent, even on the Continent, characterized the eighteenth century. In England no body of police, except the small corps of Bow-street runners, were in existence. The army was generally not much larger than the force kept up in ordinary times in this country. Hence, if large popular demonstrations took place the Government became helpless. An Edinburgh mob hung Porteus. A London mob, in 1780, held for three days possession of the town, opened Newgate, and burnt every Roman Catholic chapel within their reach. Over large parts of the coast bodies of smugglers held their own against revenue officers, and, if Mr. Lecky has not been deceived into taking exceptional cases for examples of the ordinary state of things, highwaymen were a terror to travellers even within the metropolitan counties. When

\* 'A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.' By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

the fact is realized that the organization of the state fell far short of that completeness which it has attained in modern England, some of the strangest features of Irish history become at least intelligible. Mr. Froude's pages record a state of lawlessness which, even if exaggerated by his rhetoric and prejudice, had undoubtedly a real existence; but when the state of the Empire is studied as a whole, the fact becomes apparent that utter lawlessness in Galway is the result of the same causes which produced nightly disorder in London.

It also becomes clear that, paradoxical though the assertion sounds, there was a close connection between the weakness and the strength of the Empire. The weak points of the political system were that the old social organization derived from feudalism had been suffered gradually to die away, whilst no pains had been taken to replace it by an improved system of administration; that, from Walpole downwards, ministers of the Crown were content as far as possible to leave things alone; and, lastly, that the whole national policy was influenced by commercial ideas, and by the real or supposed interests of the mercantile classes. Now, in Great Britain, where society rested on the whole on a sound basis, this policy of practical *laissez faire* had considerable merits. It soothed the bitterness of party spirit, and gave time for the nation to right itself after the disturbance of a revolutionary period. It enabled Puritans to turn into Whigs, and Jacobites into Tories. It allowed full play to the natural resources of the country. In spite of pauperism and drink, the poor classes flourished. Abuses, no doubt, grew up, but national prosperity outgrew them. If the clergy were indolent and self-indulgent, they became practically tolerant, and were on the whole popular. The mercantile energy of the nation gained for England the Indian Empire, checked the power of France, and supplied the force which carried the policy of Pitt to its triumphant success. Where, as in Ireland, there was need of bold remedies applied to inveterate social diseases, the English statesmen of the eighteenth century failed. Where, as in England and Scotland, the main need of the country was to be at peace and to be left alone, the same statesmen succeeded. Their work was, at the end of the century, tested by the severest test which any work of statesmanship has ever stood. If the Whigs, who governed England for half a century, need, as they certainly do, an apology for many shortcomings, they may find it in the fact that their policy turned a country distracted by factions nearly as fierce and far more corrupt than the parties which distract modern France, into a state so firmly knit together that it braved unmoved the storms of the great Revolution and the power of the great Napoleon.

#### MUHAMMADANISM.\*

AS, alike for their matter and for their manner, we have to commend Major Osborn for his two volumes, the fruit of long years of research and reflection, so we may congratulate him on the opportuneness of their appearance. Our readers will not soon have forgotten the tepidity of aversion to slavery and its horrors which, at the time of our temporary disruption, all at once stole over the British conscience. In its twofold function of exponent of the English sentiment of the hour and of creator of that sentiment, the *London Times*, as many must remember, even went so far, one memorable day, as to venture an essay in the theological line, with "bonds" as its pious text. We of the North had already been demonstrated to be hardly better than an illiterate rabble of rapacious and puritanic shopkeepers, much given withal to the unpardonable sins of undisguised expectoration and a nasal twang. Our odious career was to be endured no longer; and, finally, a new rendering of the passage about Saint Paul and Onesimus was delivered by way of an *ictus graciosus*, for which we were to premise due thanks and then give up the ghost. To the same spirit that moved the *Times* to turn Biblical expositor may be traced the free handling of sundry old-fashioned ideas which has been observed across the ocean since the embroilment between Russia and the Turk. To the British aristocracy and its ready tools Russia is Gog and Magog rolled into one, a mysterious monster at whom any quantity and any variety of vague vituperation may be hurled quite appropriately. On the other hand, the noble, fearless, cavalier-like Turk, even though he does torture and kill his prisoners, and though he entertains notions of the fair sex which are unfamiliar and abhorrent to uncultured and narrow-minded Philistines, yet is not he a follower of the faith of Muhammad? And Muhammad, is not he one of the great exemplars prescribed by an eminent Scotch philosopher as a fit object for hero-

worship? And so it has come to pass that the English book-market is flooded with new and cheap editions of Sale's Koran; and heedless ensigns, who spell much as they pronounce, have discovered, after dawdling over the portentous rubbish, that the Arabian impostor was "a fine fellow"; and Lord Beaconsfield, with his lieutenants and wirepullers, have all but succeeded in working up the nation to embark in a semi-crescentade against the interests of civilization, not to speak of common-sense. Looking to these facts, we hail the publication of Major Osborn's eloquent volumes as being especially seasonable, calculated as they are to counteract the unreason which threatens to precipitate our English friends into the perpetration of an enormous blunder and crime combined.

What Major Osborn has to offer us is a series of treatises, each consisting of several chapters, on Islam, the Fatimides, and the Khalifs of the House of Ommaya, in his first volume; and on the Church of Islam, the Rule of the Persians, and the Decline of the Khalifate, in his second volume. His references evince a wide range of reading; and since, besides being at home in Persian, he is acquainted with both French and German, it is unlikely that any noteworthy materials, available for his purpose, have escaped his scrutiny. His subject is, to be sure, one which appeals but slightly to general curiosity. Indeed, it is not far removed from being intrinsically repulsive. The rare grace, picturesqueness, and vigor of his style, however, are such that whatever topic he might choose to discourse on, he could not but make a most fascinating book. But the contents of his volumes are much too multifarious for us to think of conveying a conception of them by analysis or abridgment. Instead of attempting what is impracticable, we shall, therefore, content ourselves with quoting some of his general conclusions touching Muhammad, his religion, and the followers of that religion.

Of Muhammad he writes:

"To achieve worldly dominion, he has recourse to assassination; he perpetrates massacre; he makes a heathen superstition the keystone of his faith; and delivers to his followers, as a revelation from God, a mandate of universal war." "The Arab gloried in the traditional practices and customs of the desert—murder, predatory war, slavery, polygamy, concubinage. Muhammad impressed upon all these usages the seal of a divine sanction."

Regarding one of his main dogmas, we further read:

"Because Muhammad taught the doctrine of the unity of God, it has been too hastily concluded that he was a great moral and social reformer as well. But there is no charm in the abstract doctrine of the unity of God to elevate humanity. The essential point is the character attributed to this one God." . . . "Muhammad conceived of God as separated, by an impassable gulf, from the creatures He had made, and finding *His* ideal of human existence in the customs of the desert Arabs. To the end of time men were to venerate the black stone; to the end of time they were to practise slavery and polygamy, and believe in the doctrine of fatalism." "Sin, he taught, was a material pollution adhering to the body; and the Muhammadan juriconsults, following out this notion, have reduced righteousness to a state of ceremonial purity, and sin to a state of ceremonial impurity. Thus, prayer is absolutely useless if any matter legally considered impure adheres to the person of the worshipper, even though he be unconscious of its presence. Prayer, also, is null and void unless the men and women praying are attired in a certain prescribed manner."

The traditions rank, in point of authority, but little below the Koran itself. Throughout these sin "is regarded as an external pollution, which can at once be rectified by the payment of a fine of some kind. Even murder demands no inward repentance, nor requires a heavier external punishment than the payment of a certain number of camels." Again:

"When one remembers that these traditions, thus implicitly believed in for many centuries, are a gigantic collection of false morality, ridiculous legends about angels, demons, the origin of the world and of all created beings, absurd and often contradictory rules respecting ceremonial observances, the wonder is, not that Moslems should be steeped in ignorance, vice, and superstition, but that their moral and intellectual capacities have not been more completely crushed beneath this weight of rubbish."

As to Muhammadan law, an educt from the Koran: "The system, as a whole, rejects experience as a guide to deeper insight or a wider knowledge; tramples upon the teaching of the past; pays no heed to differences of climate, character, or history; but regards itself as a body of absolute truth, no jot or tittle of which can be rejected without incurring the everlasting wrath of God." And what is the upshot?

"Since the death of the Prophet, Islam has not been a religion so much as a barbarous code of laws, which consigns those who reject them to hopeless political servitude, and scornfully rejects all thought of improvement from within. Wherever the Muhammadan conqueror pene-

\* "Islam under the Arabs. By Robert Durie Osborn, Major in the Bengal Staff Corps." London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1876. "Islam under the Khalifs of Baghdad." By the same. London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday. 1877.

trates he enforces this code in all its unmitigated barbarism." . . . "There is a dismal identity in the decrepitude and corruption existing in all Moslem lands which points unmistakably to a common parentage. . . . "Sunk in an ever-deepening barbarism, a prey to almost every evil, social and political, which can descend upon much-enduring humanity, the Muhammadan still conceives himself to be the elect of God." "The further and the faster men progress elsewhere, the more hopeless becomes the position of the Moslem. He can only hate the knowledge which would gently lead him to the light." "No religion can rise higher than its source. Christendom will never ascend to a higher spiritual level than that manifested in the life of Christ; and the Muhammadan world, at its best, can never be more than an image of the gross vices and imperfect virtues which made up the character of Muhammad."

An excellent account of the puerile and fantastic science which every Muhammadan must accept as revealed truth will be found in 'Islam under the Arabs,' beginning at page 171. An Arab also firmly believes that his mother-tongue, in its antique form, is spoken in Heaven. As a parallel to this, it occurs to us that the patriotic and learned Goropius Becanus contended that Flemish was the language of Adam and Eve before their expulsion from Eden.

Having spent a good part of his life in India, and in constant intercourse with Muhammadans and Hindus, Major Osborn, naturally enough, allows himself here and there to glance, for the sake of illustration, at the country which, with its various religionists, he knows so well. In his view, "the rule of the Arabs in Asia was marked by all the defects of British rule in India, aggravated tenfold, and possessed none of its compensations." And how does he characterize the latter?

"The experience of British rule in India shows that where the subtle and persuasive power of sympathy is wanting, where social equality does not or cannot exist, there the gulf which divides the conqueror from the conquered remains unfilled. Within the boundaries of Hindostan we have established peace, and placed within the reach of her people the intellectual treasures which the happier West has accumulated; but we are further than ever from winning their affections. Never, perhaps, did the people of India regard the Englishman with a profounder dislike than at the present day." "What we have done for India is to convert it into a gigantic model prison. The discipline we have established is admirable; but the people know they are prisoners, and they hate us as their jailers." . . . "If we estimate the effects of British rule, not by trade statistics, but by its results on the spirit of man, we shall find that the races of India have declined in courage, and manliness, and all those qualities which produce a vigorous nation, in proportion to the period they have been subjected to the blighting influence of an alien despotism."

Further extracts of a kindred tenor we would fain give if we had space for them. The author's luminous and masterly article on the siege of Delhi, published some years ago in the *North American Review*, led us at the time to hope that we should hear from him again as a contributor to Indian history. And this hope, we are gratified to find, is likely to be realized. He now promises us, conditionally, a work on 'Islam in India.' The subject is one on which Major Osborn will all but absolutely be the first to break ground. Printed and manuscript, there exists a whole mine of records and dissertations in Persian and Urdu, which, towards the exhaustive treatment of it, he would be under the necessity of exploring. However, what with his learning, industry, constructiveness, philosophic stamp of mind, and evident facility in composition, there is hardly room for question that if he were to take it in hand the result would leave nothing to be desired.

#### RECENT NOVELS.\*

WE have seldom met with a novel calculated to inspire the reader with a more lively curiosity as to its authorship than the 'Wreck of the *Grosvenor*.' From the first line to the last it is marked by power of so rare an order, managed with such an uncommon degree of skill, as to convince one that it must be the work of some writer of fiction of acknowledged standing. Yet there is nothing in the style to indicate the hand of any one with whose writings we are familiar on either side of the Atlantic. Some pains, apparently, have been taken to conceal the authorship, inasmuch as the whole story is told dramatically by the leading character. His style of narration still further confuses the matter, for it is that of a man well educated but not a gentleman by birth, whose vocabulary allows him great range of expression, and behind whom the author is completely concealed. Again, the scene of the story is entirely laid on board ship, and the description of the working of the vessel in fair weather or foul is technical and minute to the last degree. The sea-language employed is always correctly used, and some of the descriptions of the atmospheric

effect at sea show that the writer is thoroughly familiar with the ocean. In fact, the book is the book of a thorough seaman. There is no living novelist of distinction within our knowledge who knows the sea well enough to write about it in this minute way except Charles Reade, and the idea that Charles Reade could be the author is preposterous. His impatience, his exaggeration, his fondness for theatrical effects, and his many little peculiarities of expression reveal themselves in every one of his stories. If it were a fact, as we have sometimes been inclined to imagine, that George Eliot receives illegitimate assistance in the composition of her stories from some superhuman source, we could conceive of the purely literary part of the book being produced by her, and the nautical part being furnished her from a quarter we will not name; but this is simply a confession of utter perplexity. Instead of trying to guess who the author is, let us give in a few words a hint as to the character of his powerful story.

It is, in the first place, a tale of the wildest adventure, and hence must be enjoyed by any one who enjoys reading thrilling stories of terrible dangers, heroic acts of bravery, hand-to-hand fights, and marvellous rescues. The adventures in this case, however, have the advantage of being astonishingly real. Antecedently we should venture without much hesitation to predict that any one undertaking to recount the history of the ill-fated *Grosvenor* would make himself thoroughly ridiculous before he came to the end of it; and, to justify this assertion, let us mention the incidents one after another in cold blood. The voyage of this vessel, bound to Valparaiso, begins with a mutiny in the English Channel, caused by the rotten food provided by the owners for the crew. The captain and first mate (a pair of brutes, who care nothing for the crew, and are rather pleased than otherwise at the prospect of maltreatment and cruelty this beginning holds out) ship a new crew, and get clear of England. The teller of the story, the second mate, Mr. Royle, a humane man, sympathizes with the crew, and soon finds himself in a hard position, as he feels that the food provided is a natural cause of discontent, and at the same time his advancement is dependent upon his pleasing his employers. A wreck is sighted, and on it a woman making signals for help. Mr. Royle insists on taking the vessel slightly out of her course to save whatever living beings there may be on the wreck. The crew side with him; the heroine of the story and her father, a wealthy ship-owner, are rescued from the wreck, and Mr. Royle, on his return to the *Grosvenor*, is thrown into irons by the orders of the captain and mate for his mutinous conduct. The crew now rise, kill the two villains in command of the ship, and rescue the second mate, whom they put in command. He is the only man on board who can navigate the ship, and they insist that he shall take her to some port on the American coast, where they can leave her and escape as shipwrecked mariners, and so avoid all enquiry into the history of the voyage and the mutiny. He finds, however, that this is only part of the plan, the remainder being to scuttle the ship, and leave him behind, with the rescued heroine and her father, to perish miserably. He wins over to his side, however, the boatswain and the steward, and the game for their lives now begins. By deceiving the crew as to the distance and course of the ship, he takes her to within a short distance of the Bermudas, where he knows he shall find a Government station. By another trick the boatswain appears to be lost overboard at night, when in reality he secretes himself in the hold, where (when the critical moment finally comes) he plugs up the holes in the ship's bottom made by the carpenter Stevens, who is at the head of the mutineers. The crew leave the ship, and lie off at a few cables' lengths in the long boat and the quarter-boat to see her sink. Now, of course, comes the tremendous crisis, when the boatswain reappears, the heroine takes the wheel, the three men by a sudden manœuvre get the ship under way, and the smaller boatful of baffled mutineers make an attempt to board her. A terrific hand-to-hand fight ensues, which results in the destruction of all the boat's crew but one, who, with the boat, is captured; the *Grosvenor* stands off, leaving the long-boat far behind. After this there is a terrible southern storm, in which the long-boat reappears for one awful moment, driven on to certain destruction by a mighty sea—a storm in which the brave heroine and her deliverer perform prodigies; a sail is sighted, which proves to be a Russian, who, after coming almost within hailing distance, basely leaves the *Grosvenor* to her fate; and, finally, the ill-fated vessel springs a leak, and the water gradually gains in her hold. At last, after being driven about for days on frightful seas, they take to the boat captured from the mutineers, and, half-dead with suffering and fatigue, they leave the *Grosvenor* to sink. (It should be said that meantime Miss Robertson's father has died, and Miss Robertson herself is betrothed to her deliverer, Mr. Royle.) It is

\* The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*. An Account of the Mutiny of the Crew and the Loss of the Ship when trying to make the Bermudas. New York: Harper & Bros. 1878.

unnecessary to add that they do not perish, but are rescued and are happily married. It will be seen that this story borders, to say the least, on the improbable; but we may candidly admit that, after reading it, we have no more doubt of its being true than we have of the actual occurrence of the events connected with the mutiny of the *Bounty*. We will not compare it with 'Robinson Crusoe,' though the comparison is one that naturally suggests itself. In fact, we will not compare it with anything. It stands by itself as a work of fiction, and we can only say that, if its author does not prove to be some writer of established reputation, he will be one by virtue of this story, as soon as his identity is made out.

'The Sarcasm of Destiny' is peculiar in one respect, as being a story of American society written by a person evidently a member of what in America is called society. She—for there can be no doubt of the author's sex—moves easily among the usual conventions; she is not overwhelmed by the fine clothes of her heroine, alludes naturally to some of the current *mots* of society, and forms the title of her book by varying a phrase hardly yet hackneyed—"the irony of life." All this is so unusual that attention is at once attracted to the book, and there is something to repay it. The moral seems a little uncertain (perhaps not the less true to American society on that account), and, as usual, many of the events occur abroad, and some of the personages most essential to the plot are foreigners. This seems inevitable in American novels. Hawthorne is almost the only modern American novelist who detains his characters in America. Mr. James's heroes and heroines gaily join the continuous exodus to Europe, and even Hawthorne's last story adorns itself with the beauty and the charm of Italy. The instinctive seeking of the novelist for picturesque externals and strongly-marked types turns eastward even those who, according to Mr. Pogram, have "their bright homes in the setting sun."

The hero of this book is the son of a Hungarian physician and an English lady of rank. His wooing of Nina, an American lady of French descent and great wealth, is interfered with by the discovery that he has a wife living in the neighborhood; he disappears, and Nina, after some delay, marries her kinsman, Vigée La Fontaine, and goes with him to Paris. She is established in the Faubourg, in the imposing and gloomy hotel of her mother-in-law, and her sister is at the same time an ornament of the American colony. The relations and differences of the two sisters are well described, and all the French part of the book is written with *connaissance du fait*. The plot here grows complicated. Vigée becomes brutal, and the same woman who was the wife of Nina's lover, Dr. Derwent or Wesselenyii, turns up as Vigée's mistress, and dies, leaving a child whom Nina adopts and brings back to America with her. She loses her fortune, endures hardships of many kinds, her husband dies, and finally, of course, she marries her first love, whose career seems to be considered peculiar and unfortunate, but not particularly blame-worthy. The old lady, Miss Brown, who is supposed to tell most of the story, is cleverly sketched and quaint, and there is a great deal in the book besides what we have indicated—a description of Washington during the war, a lady traitor, a high-toned lover, a dip into English society, and a subordinate love affair with suppression of letters, etc. Indeed, if we wished to be critical, we might say that the book is a little like a young minister's first sermon, beginning at the Deluge and telling all he knows. On the contrary, we do say that the book has much liveliness and "pace," and we have no doubt the author can write a much better one.

'Renée and Franz' is a translation of 'Le Bluet,' a "moral" tale, which had in Paris last year what may be called *un succès fou d'estime*. The author's name was not given, Gustave Haller being a *nom de plume*, but Madame Sand wrote a laudatory preface for it, and 'Le Bluet' was added to the short list of books accessible to the "jeune fille." King Solomon says: "There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not." Certainly if he had lived in these days he might have added a fifth mystery—a Frenchman's notions of morality. The whole substance of this book consists of careful, detailed description of relations, abnormal and other, between young men and young women. Intimate friendship between a noble girl and a young farmer, carefully discriminated from love or desire of marriage, is one *motif*; the love of another noble but penniless beauty for the same young farmer, illustrated by passionate scenes, masquerading in a peasant's dress, and a very curious description of the young lady's delight in her own beauty, witnessed by her lover, who has climbed a high tree at night in order to look

into his mistress's bedroom—this and the lady's final revolt from marriage with a peasant, and prompt acceptance of the hand and fortune of a Russian prince, with the soliloquies and speculations of the rustic lover, make up the chief part of the book. There are some rural descriptions; a scene where the Count arranges for his wife a private interview with her former lover, and apparently listens to their conversation behind the door; still other scenes between Franz and the husband of his first friend; and these altogether make up as unwholesome a book as we have lately read, but which, from its omission of murder, seduction, or suicide, is considered in Paris a moral and "most refined" tale.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis writes stories which can hardly be called pleasant, and which frequently, as in 'A Law unto Herself,' deal with most unpleasant persons, but there is an undercurrent of recognized rectitude and a capacity for calling a spade a spade which sets her writings in a category far removed from French morality. She is worse than careless often in her language, as when she describes a person coming sidewise towards another as "slyng into his vision," or says that "a corpse has gone by"; but though she shows bad taste in various ways, or perhaps because of this, she succeeds in giving a truer impression of American conditions than any writer we know except Mr. Howells, while there is a vast difference between his delicately illuminated preparations of our social absurdities and Mrs. Davis's grim and powerful etchings. Somehow she contrives to get the American atmosphere, its vague excitement, its strife of effort, its varying possibilities. Add to this a certain intensity, a veiled indignation at prosperity, and doubt of the honesty of success, and we get qualities which make Mrs. Davis's books individual and interesting if not agreeable.

'Bourbon Lilies' is written, we suppose, by Elizabeth Champney, though with an affectionate familiarity she writes herself "Lizzie" on her title-page. One gathers from the book that the author has lived at Ecouen and among artists, has seen something of the outside of a part of French life, has read Mérimée's stories, is captivated with the picturesque externals of foreign existence, and writes what used to be called "a tale" but now "a novelette," in which the reader is confused by national characteristics, strange organizations, and complicated circumstances used promiscuously to carry on a not particularly original or powerful story. The worst catastrophe is the destruction of a picture, and the rupture of an engagement with small regret on either side; and one has a dim sense of having seen a great ado made about nothing, and wonders why Charlotte de Montmorency and the first Napoleon, and a Russian with two absolutely different sides to his face, need have been trotted out for no more apparent object. Otherwise it is a readable story, and, we dare say, will be liked by young people who do not object to the intolerable vulgarity of Miss Fanny Fitz-Flirt, the American heroine. If asked to suggest a motto for a future edition, we should offer "In the name of the Prophet, figs!" believing the writer quite capable of depicting the rustic basket and the purple fruit—if she will let alone the Prophet.

'Through the Needle's Eye' is a description of a few lives lived almost entirely in an English seaside village. It tells how love and wrongdoing, temptation and repentance, worked together to shape and to alter the quiet ways of the Squire and his family, and those committed to their charge. A picture, not exactly vivid but careful and finally effective, is drawn of the old house and its inherited acres, that was as a weapon in the father's hands, a stumbling-block and a snare to his successors, and which had so strong a hold on the affection of all three. What the owning of certain land means to English people is strongly though perhaps unintentionally portrayed. Justin, the hero of the story, is tempted to belie his true self in order to possess and manage the land he has loved all his life; and his wrongdoing and his repentance and its consequences make the story (with due accessories), and it is told with truth and delicacy. It is true to the laws of life that though Justin can clear his own soul and restore twofold, his daughter, who is the light of his eyes, should suffer from her knowledge of his frailty, suffer from its consequences falling on herself, and, unable to construct a new life out of the ruins of the old, should fade and die. There is a true and kindly perception throughout the book, and there is a marked absence of melodrama and of snobishness.

We take 'What a Boy!' to be inspired by what is called an "American sentiment," and it is that which makes it such very depressing reading.

'A Law unto Herself.' By Rebecca Harding Davis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

'Bourbon Lilies: A Story of Artist Life.' By Lizzie W. Champney. Wayside Series. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

'Through a Needle's Eye.' By Hesba Stretton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1878.

'What a Boy!' By Julia A. Willis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1877.

'The Sarcasm of Destiny; or, Nina's Experience.' By M. E. W. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

'Renée and Franz ('Le Bluet'), from the French of Gustave Haller. Collection of Foreign Authors. No. vii. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

There is evidently no judge in Israel, and every man does what is good in his own eyes. Rampant children and absurd parents fill the book, and live in a condition of society which we trust is impossible: there is a plentiful lack of common sense, and we are sorry to say, one or two indecent allusions. Stir this all up with a good deal of animal spirits and some faculty for constructing a plot, and we have a book of which we may say there was small love between us at the beginning and it pleased God to decrease it on further acquaintance.

*Deutsch's Letters.* A Practical and Grammatical Course for easy and thorough self-instruction in the German Language, prepared with special regard to the close affinity existing between the English and German languages. By Solomon Deutsch, A.M., Ph.D., author of 'A Practical Hebrew Grammar,' etc. Published in semi-monthly parts of one lesson each. (Hartford, Conn., 1878. Numbers 1-5.)—This grammar is equally remarkable for its comprehensive scope and thorough elaborateness. Students who will devote to it a fair measure of energy and diligence will not only become masters of the grammatical rules of the German language, and of most of its lexicographical treasures, but they will have grasped its very marrow and spirit, learned its evolution and development, and acquired a knowledge of its relations to English, Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, and other Aryan tongues. The study is made comparatively easy by strictly methodical progression, by typographical helps to the eye, and chiefly by the aid of English parallels. Thus, in the reading exercises, instead of words picked out at random, we find only such as are cognate to the corresponding words in English: under *I*, for instance, *Bier*, beer, *wild*, wild, *Winter*, winter, *hindern*, to hinder, *Giebel*, gable, *Kiel*, keel, *Knie*, knee, *mild*, mild, *binden*, to bind, *finden*, to find, *blind*, blind, *spinnen*, to spin, *Lilie*, lily, etc.; under *Oe. ß*, *Flöte*, flute, *strömen*, to stream, *Hölle*, hell, *Föhre*, fir, *fördern*, to further, *König*, king, *rösten*, to roast, *schwören*, to swear, etc. In the portion of the exercises which serves to elucidate Grimm's law of the permutation of consonants and similar changes in the Germanic idioms, the German *p* and English *b* are thus contrasted: *Polster*, bolster, *Stoppel*, stubble, *Rippe*, rib, *Krippe*, crib, *plappern*, to blab, etc.; the German *sch* and English *s* thus: *Schmied*, smith, *Schnauze*, snout, *schlitzen*, to slit, *schmelzen*, to smelt, *schlafen*, to sleep, etc.; rejection in English is illustrated by *Trommel*, drum, *Stempel*, stamp, *Esel*, ass, *als*, as, *solch*, such, *welch*, which, *Wald*, wood, *Dohle*, daw, *Raspel*, rasp, etc.; and insertion by *Nachtigall*, nightingale, *Fledermaus*, flinder-mouse, etc. The pronunciation of the German words is given in every list. The translating exercises are also made easy by the careful choice of cognate words, as far as completeness allows. The philological notes are numerous and concise, but here and there perhaps too learned, at least for the average student, to whom the author addresses himself in his letters. Proverbs are introduced in the exercises; and conversations, as well as valuable quotations from the German classics and progressively arranged reading matter, are to appear in the later numbers.

## Fine Arts.

### THE FIFTY-THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

AS is always and doubtless must always be the case, we find some of the best pictures pushed up to the ceiling, above the broad self-assertions of painters in office. Indeed, although we have often protested, and always incline, against criticising the hanging committees, it has come to this, that an effort is required not to look with too much sympathy at the works of those painters who are skied. One of the most perfect canvases of the season is undoubtedly the invisibly-placed "Turkey Pasture" (481) by George Fuller, an Associate, but a Bostonian. The level gold rays of late afternoon, casting confusion on the sight, amid which confusion the dark blots of the birds make accents in the deep pasture, while a distant group of white turkeys form a light in the middle plane, are felt by the painter with luxury and unction, while every shade of color introduced is completely modified and melted in the general richness. The notion of borrowing Giorgione's brush and palette to paint poultry with is probably not a common one, but Mr. Fuller seems to have found his account in the stratagem. A not dissimilar theme is treated very differently by Bolton Jones, of Baltimore, another exhibitor exalted to the rafters by the committee-men. Mr. Jones shows us, in his "Taking Geese to Market" (275), a blank country path coming down across the bald top of a hill, patched with sprouts of grass, upon which an army of geese dart their white necks here and there, as they pompously explore the strange country with a

sense of being discoverers. This is a literal daylight picture, carved rather than painted, with every curve of every fowl heightened in white and gray as a matter of conscience. Florent Heller's "Spadassin" (624), a tiny panel of miniature finish, representing a bravo extending his sword for an assassination as he lies in wait on the secret stair of a Borgia palace, is carefully put out of harm's way over two or three rows of frames; this picture has been warmly commended by the artist's instructor, Gérôme, and was hung on the eye-line when sent to the Paris Salon. A portrait by J. J. Henner is exhibited, the painter of the "Susannah Bathing" in the Luxembourg Gallery, and of the "Head of John Baptist," in the last Salon—that gymnastic of sweeping manipulation, with the eyelid defined by the cut of a thumb-nail in the shadow, which enthusiasts declared to be one of the finest pieces of quality since Velasquez; and there is a portrait by Bonnat. The Henner is hung in the corridor, and the Bonnat over a door. It is true that the two examples of European portraiture are, the worst that could possibly be found. The subjects of both are fine ladies, of the type that would be more satisfactorily taken up by Cabanel or Giacomotti, whereas Henner is best known in serious work, more or less anatomical, while Bonnat has never come nearer to a feminine success than in the man-like features of Mme. Pasca. We are inclined to think that an implacable enemy of French kickshaws has gone through the world seeking the worst possible examples of Messieurs Henner and Bonnat, and are inclined to fasten the selection upon some fanatic disciple of the Munich school, say Mr. Chase, champion of Piloty, or Mr. Shirlaw, an energumen possessed by Lindenschmidt. Still, there is something in the claims of international courtesy, and there is something in the dictates of modesty, when a country without a national art is concerned; and there would have been no harm in taking M. Henner out of the entry, where his black shadows look still blacker in the dark, or in lowering M. Bonnat where his really fine work upon a pair of dimpled elbows and buckskin-gloved hands could be studied by our young artists.

And what are the portraits by which these portraits signed by famous names are hidden? They are the portraits of Mr. Baker, and the portraits of President N. A. Daniel Huntington, whose hand has long since forgotten all the cunning of invention and all the secrets of color for which it was famous in youth. The works of these gentlemen hang upon the eye-line, which is the unkindest of pillories for them. We do not recollect that any of the better portraits of the year hang at the level of the sight, except perhaps that of Mr. Porter (377), certainly a striking piece of characterization in black satin. The bride, in white, and resembling a plaster cast, by Mrs. Loop (416), is assuredly not one of her "advances." Lifting the eye to the second range above the dado, we notice Mr. Alden Weir's magnificent likeness of his father, an energetic and possibly testy old gentleman who turns himself in his chair smartly upon a swivel formed of his right hand placed upon the elbow, and sends a keen glance in the same direction, while his spectacles and handkerchief are held loosely on the other knee. This strong work, of which the strong sketch was lately remarked in the American Artists' Exhibition, might well have been placed in the centre of a room, and before, rather than above, the visitor's eye; it is the more creditable as a piece of style, since the author has completely abandoned and reversed the manner of the artist who taught him, the minute and microscopic painter of the "Pollice Verso." Another able portrait, placed above the level of the eye, and in the little sculpture-room, where a work of life-size never looks well, is that of an elderly lady writing with a gold pen, by Miss Ella A. Moss (690). The work is thorough and well understood, the kind, firm lines of a strong character are rightly laid upon the face, the figure is singularly real, energetic and impressive, while the attention of the spectator is quickly cajoled by the *tour de force* which makes the hand and pen seem to be solidly moulded upon the table on which they rest.

It is extraordinary that we should have to explain that in referring to a portraitist as an artist of the academic kind, we do not mean to use the phrase disrespectfully; yet the term has sunk to just that degree of opprobrium, and we are obliged to protest to Mr. Le Clear that in referring to his works as in the manner of our old academicians we mean to signify not so much a style as a period. He seems to us one of the best of the portraitists who joined the ranks of the Academy fifteen years or more ago. His painting is thinner and more gelatinously glazed than that of the modern advocates of vigor, who mix whites with their shadows; but his modelling, less boisterously expressed than that of his younger contemporaries, is exact, sensitive, and elegant, with a dainty perception of planes and reliefs that reminds one of Stuart. His profile face of Mr. Martin E. Green (363) is a tenderly chiselled study, not in

very high relief, it is true, of one of those clear-cut types of physiognomy that seem adapted to medal-work, and have been called numismatic. His portrait of Judge Durrell (496) is capitably posed for the expression of a temperament, and stands up dry, contemptuous, aristocratic, the image of a Bourbon justice supreme in the society of the *ante-bellum* days in Louisiana.

We can allude to but a few of the landscapes this week. One of the best, though small, is certainly Mr. Wyant's "Late Afternoon" (621). In the melting haze of a warm afternoon—a haze that seems to run in tender streams down the precipices of mingling cumulus clouds—stands a solitary hickory tree, that most graceful and stately of American growths, with a respectful court of smaller trees around it at some distance. This proud and sculptural figure, solid and dark, and undercut through its leafage like the tree-work of a Japanese bronze, is as dignified as a celestial apparition; the sense of majesty we derive from the sight of a rare and monumental tree has seldom been better given than in this small picture; and we are apt to think that the country boy placed in front of it feels its control also, and is engaged in some artless rite of sylvan worship, like the farmer mentioned in one of Wordsworth's prefaces. Other landscapes that catch the attention are striking at second hand. The "Long Island Landscape" (575) by Miller is simply a quotation from

Constable; here are the tumbling cumulus clouds intersected by blades of straight and keen cirrus, the ditch-water turning up the rough edge of its ripple to meet the sharp radiance of the refulgent palette-knife, the willows tossing and pushing—the whole apparatus of the Suffolk painter, in fact. Mr. T. Moran, in his "Dream of the Orient," gives us Turner so illusively that it seems like a jest; the most perfect counterfeiter of Turner living, when he chooses—having once completely deceived keeper Wornum with one of his clever imitations—this chameleon of the arts only need acquire a style of his own to be a capital painter. Last spring he exhibited a perfect Jacques; this year, for the American Artists, he showed an illusive Diaz. Owen Meredith is not more accomplished in forging the style of a poet than Mr. Moran in catching the peculiarities of a painter. His powers are his greatest misfortune, and, while they tend to cheapen uncomfortably the magic trick of the master he imitates, they leave him in an unpleasant predicament himself, as a man of mere clothes, an artist without conviction, a painter who can see nature through everybody's eye but his own. Mr. Quartley, again, who has formerly shown real originality in extracting artistic motives from the most sordid parts of New York, is going in an unfortunate direction when he puts the water which Ziem paints in Venice in front of the rocks of the Coast of Maine, in his "Afternoon in August" (380).

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